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FIG. 1. EDUCATION OF THE VIRGIN. SANDSTONE.
School of Troyes. Beginning of Sixteenth Century
The J. Pierpont Morgan Collection, Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York

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A GROUP REPRESENTING THE "EDUCATION OF
THE VIRGIN" IN THE MORGAN COLLECTION
AT THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM



SUBJECTS represented in art varied according to countries and periods. And so, for instance, while we very seldom meet in France with the representation of Saint Anne, the Virgin and the Infant Jesus, called in Germany "Anna's Selbsdridt," the "Education of the Virgin" is an eminently French subject and almost never or very seldom do we find it outside of France. In France itself the subject of Saint Anne and the Virgin was in use during the whole mediaeval period,¹ but the type and manner of the representation was definitely fixed and became immutable in the latter part of the fifteenth century, at the time when, as a consequence of the extensive popularity of saints, the vogue of "corporations" and "confréries" was the greatest. Each of them had a particular saint whom they venerated. Sometimes he was supposed to protect the "confrérie" or "corporation," at other times he was shown as a model to imitate.

¹Among others there are two examples in the Troyes Museum dating from the 14th Century. See Koechlin and Marquet de Vasselot: *La sculpture à Troyes*, p. 122.

Saint Anne was among the model saints and she was invariably chosen as patroness of "Confréries" composed of mothers of families. There could not be found, both for the mothers and their children, a better example to imitate than that of Saint Anne bringing up and educating her daughter, the Holy Virgin. For "... she who did not find anything below her dignity, who did not disdain to teach the a. b. c. to her daughter in order that she might be able some day to meditate upon the words of God" was an example worthy of imitating.² And in this way was created one of the most popular subjects of the late mediæval period "The Education of the Virgin" in which the Child spells with the tip of her finger the letters in the book which Saint Anne shows her.

This particular instance was treated by artists in various branches of art and a most interesting example can be found in the Book of Hours of Anne of Brittany, illuminated by Jean Bourdichon, in which Saint Anne is represented seated on a throne. In front of her stands the Virgin with folded hands looking at the open book which Saint Anne is holding with both hands.³

It is in sculptural representations, however, that we find most examples of "The Education of the Virgin." The one from the Château de Chantelle made for Anne de Beaujeu, sister of Charles VIII, is the best known and also one of the most beautiful.⁴ The group in the J. Pierpont Morgan Collection here reproduced (Fig. 1) though less known is of equal beauty and is represented in the same traditional way. Both Saint Anne and the Virgin are standing on a low octagonal base. Saint Anne is seen at the right wearing a gown in the fashion of the time, gathered and girdled around the waist and trimmed with a jeweled border forming a square around the shoulders and below the neck. Over her gown is a mantle covering her back and right shoulder while gathered under her left arm and draped in front under her girdle. Her face is framed in the folds of a wimple and over it is a veil. She is supporting an open book with her left hand while pointing with the forefinger of her right to a passage at which the Virgin looks with great attention, while supporting the other part of the book with one hand and with the other turning its pages. She is represented as a

²Emile Mâle: *L'art religieux à la fin du moyen âge*, p. 204.

³Illustrated in the Book of Hours of Anne of Brittany and in Emile Mâle *L'art religieux à la fin du moyen âge*, p. 204, fig. 94.

⁴This group is now in the Louvre. See the article by André Michel: "Les Statues de Sainte Anne, Sainte Pierre et Sainte Suzanne au Louvre" published in "Mémoires et Monuments Piot" 1899, vol. VI.

young girl, her loose hair falling in heavy waves over her back and shoulders and having a garland of leaves and flowers around her head. Dressed in the fashion of the time, she wears a gown with a tightly fitting bodice cut in a square in front while the skirt is full and slightly held up over her right hip under the girdle, which is placed low and has a long sash hanging down in front.

This group executed in sandstone and measuring $57\frac{3}{4}$ inches in height is of exquisite beauty. The pose and bearing of Saint Anne are of the greatest nobility and her facial expression of unsurpassed purity and kindness. The execution of the group is of the simplest but also of the most perfect; the hands are modelled to perfection and the garments fall in flexible and harmonious folds. In the statue of Saint Anne is expressed a quality of affability, serenity and tranquil grandeur rarely surpassed in any sculptural representation and in her bearing full of nobility, she commands respect as well as love. As for the Virgin she is of a less noble type than Saint Anne but has nevertheless a great charm.

The provenance of the group is not known. It formed part of the famous Hoentschel Collection and it came to the Metropolitan Museum through the generous gift of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan. To find, therefore, the school in France to which it belongs, we have to pass through a process of minute examination and comparison with other statues of the same period. The ones with which it shows the closest resemblance in conception as well as in execution and spirit are the figures from the Solesmes Entombment (Figs. 2 and 3) executed in 1496 and the figure of Saint Marthe (Fig. 4) in the Church of Saint Madeleine in Troyes made about twenty years later but expressing the same particular qualities as the Solesmes masterpiece. This representation, though dated, is the object of a great divergence of opinion as to its authorship. Many claim it to be the work of Michel Colombe basing their assertion on what they call irrefutable facts. Paul Vitry in the best work on the subject is against this attribution, adding, however, that, conceived in the same spirit, it shows many characteristics of the art of Michel Colombe.¹ This opinion is endorsed by M. André Michel² and in fact when we compare the Entombment with authentic works by Michel Colombe we find that the garments of the figures from Solesmes are fuller and that the figures themselves are con-

¹Paul Vitry: *Michel Colombe et la sculpture française son temps*, p. 297.

²André Michel: *Histoire de l'Art*, vol. IV, p. 598.

ceived in a more realistic spirit. But while the art of the anonymous master of the Solesmes Entombment appears realistic, it is a realism completely different from the Flemish realism, for example, where every detail is noticed, emphasized and to a certain extent exaggerated. Here on the contrary everything seems softened, simplified and in a certain measure idealized. There is an admirable balance and sense of proportion associated with a perfect understanding of nature. The work on the whole is a most representative example of the tendencies prevailing in French art at the time in which the purely French traditions of the thirteenth century came again into life. They were to a great degree lost during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries but with Michel Colombe and other contemporary artists, France regains her old traditions. She then abandons the too realistic Flemish and Burgundian search for life and expression, which she had practised for a certain length of time, and replaces it with a perfect understanding of nature, in which an admirable sense of proportion is brought forward and all unnecessary details eliminated. The region of the Loire with Michel Colombe and his School best illustrates these tendencies in sculptural representations. But outside of the region of the Loire there were other parts of France where exactly the same tendencies prevailed. One of them and the best known is the region of Troyes, which in the first half of the sixteenth century developed and exaggerated characteristics of its own but where from 1500 until about 1520 we find examples of the greatest achievement composed in exactly the same spirit as the Solesmes Entombment and some of the other masterpieces of the School of the Loire.

The best of them is the figure of Saint Marthe in the Church of Saint Madeleine in Troyes, executed about 1515 but showing the same inspiration as the figures from the Solesmes Entombment. She is conceived in the same realistic manner, devoid of the slightest exaggeration in attitude, bearing and expression. She is dignified and calm, the folds of her garments do not show any sudden breaks or cracks so common in the Flemish representations, but they fall logically and harmoniously, following rhythmically the movements of the body. Among other statues of the same school composed in the same way is the figure of Saint Bonaventure³ in the Church of Saint Nicolas in Troyes, showing in the conception and in the execution exactly the same qualities as the figures both of the Solesmes Entombment and of

³See reproduction in Paul Vitry: *Michel Colombe et la Sculpture de son temps*, p. 322.

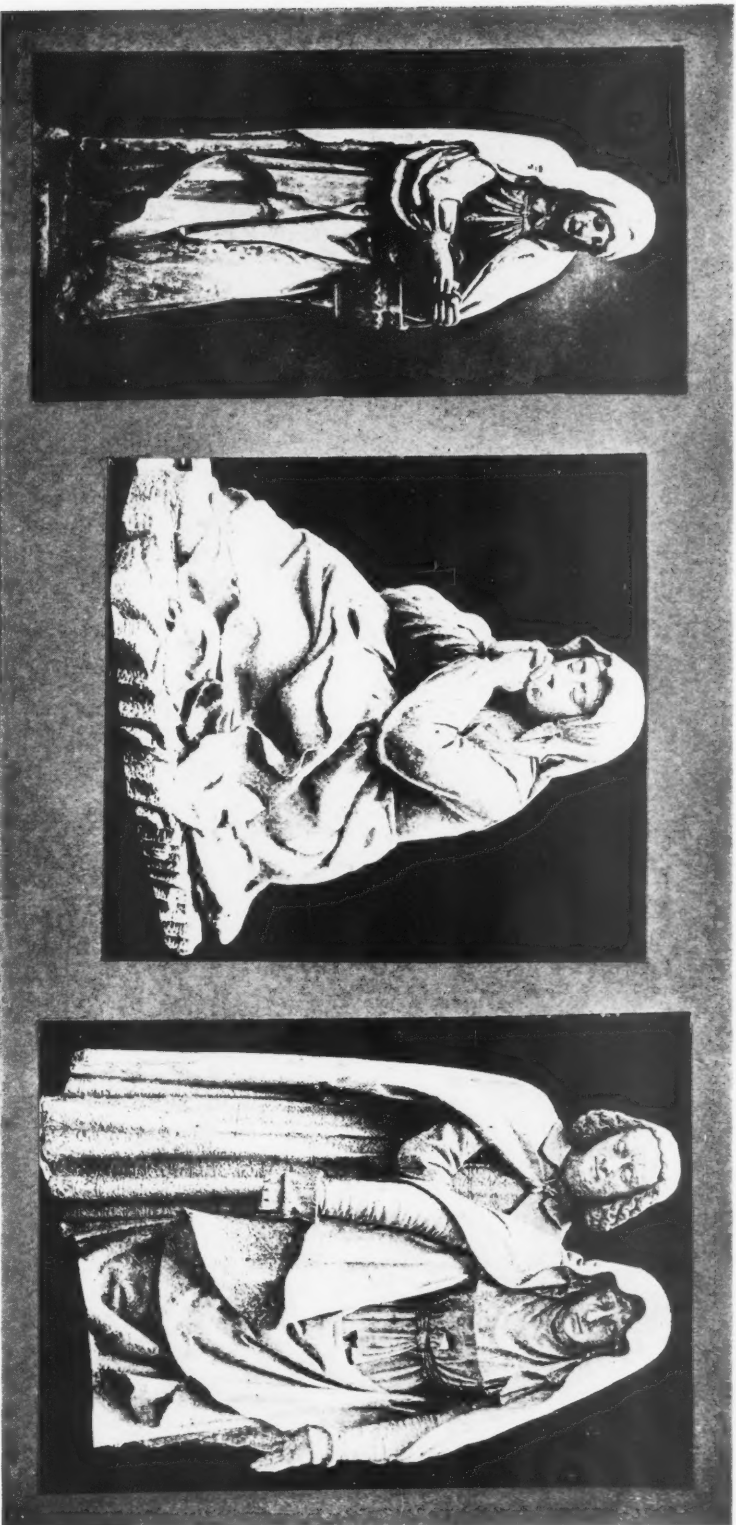


FIG. 4. SAINT MARTHE
Church of Saint Madeleine, Troyes

FIG. 3. MARY MAGDALEN
Detail of the Solesmes Entombment

FIG. 2. VIRGIN AND ST. JOHN
Detail of the Solesmes Entombment



Saint Marthe. The same can be said of the group of Saint Anne and the Virgin from the Morgan Collection here illustrated. It resembles in many particulars both the Solesmes figures and those of Saint Marthe and Saint Bonaventure from Troyes. The conception and execution are exactly the same. There is the same sense of proportion, the same nobility in the bearing, the same attenuated realism in the composition of the figures. In comparing Saint Anne with the figure of Saint Marthe we find the same freedom and elegance in movement and the same attitude full of nobility. The gowns are similar and their folds fall identically showing straight, deep hatchings. The way also in which the mantle is draped in front and gathered under the belt is similarly represented in both statues. The facial expression also shows analogies but these analogies are even more accentuated when we compare Saint Anne with some of the figures of the Solesmes Entombment such as the Virgin or Mary Magdalen. As for the figure of the Virgin in the Morgan group, as we have already noted, though full of charm, it is of a less pure and perfect conception than that of Saint Anne. Her attitude is less simple and her head slightly bent to the side as she regards the letters to which Saint Anne is pointing in the open book, shows a certain affectation. The representation, however, on the whole belongs with the best examples of French sculpture of the time.

The group is labelled in the Metropolitan Museum as belonging to the School of the Loire of the early sixteenth century. No definite objection could be made to the attribution as in its conception and execution it shows many characteristics of the Solesmes Entombment which belongs to the School of the Loire. On the other hand we have seen that it shows the same if not a closer relationship with the figure of Saint Marthe of the School of Troyes, which in her turn though executed about twenty years later shows the same conception as the figures from Solesmes. If we knew the exact provenance of our group it would be easier to determine the school in France to which it belongs but taking into consideration its artistic achievement only, we would be rather inclined to group it with the statue of Saint Marthe. The "Atelier of Saint Marthe," as Koechlin and Marquet de Vasselot so well defined in their work on the Troyes Sculpture, though forming part of the School of Troyes, does not show the typical and exaggerated features with which we generally associate works from that region, executed in the first half of the sixteenth century and later. Saint Marthe and

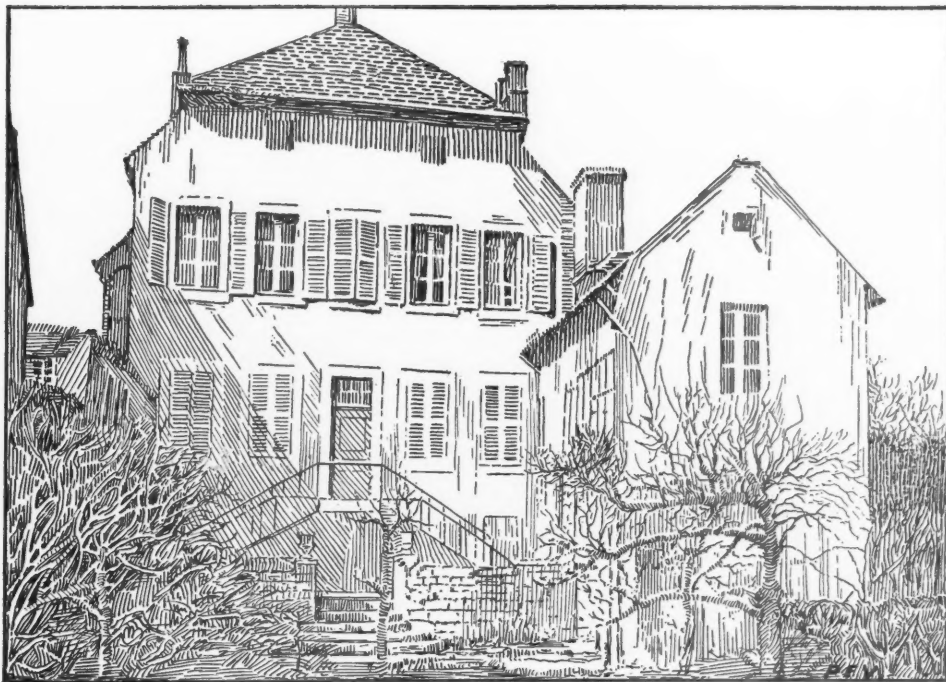
figures associated with her are as we have already said, of the same inspiration as the Solesmes Entombment. The Metropolitan group also shows the same inspiration but it was executed at a later date, probably about the same time as the statue of Saint Marthe, about 1510-1515. In grouping it with this statue we take into consideration, beside the resemblances which we have already noticed, the style of the costumes both of Saint Anne and of the Virgin, which are more frequently found in the region of Troyes. The way also in which the Virgin's hair is arranged over her ears and falls in heavy strands over her back and shoulders is also, to some extent, more typical of that school and it is interesting to compare her as well for the type as for the costume and hair with a number of statues from the School of Troyes, among others with the Virgin from the Troyes Museum.⁴ Another favorable factor in associating the Metropolitan group with the "Atelier of Saint Marthe" would be the great predilection shown by the artists of the school of Troyes for the subject of the "Education of the Virgin."

Stella Rubinstein

⁴Koechlin et Marquet de Vasselot: *La Sculpture à Troyes*, p. 122, fig. 37.

GUSTAVE COURBET AND HIS COUNTRY

THE subject of Gustave Courbet's art has been so exhaustively treated by various experts that little remains to be said or learnt about it. But concerning the man himself, whose appearance during an age when Ingres and Delacroix (the respective apostles of classic and romantic art) were the high lights of their generation, is such a baffling argument to the art evolutionist, there is room for endless investigation. The modern artist is often such a chaotic product of new theories, old traditions, fads and fashions, that little of the original individual survives. Courbet was the product of neither an era nor a school, but the blossoming of an entire race, of generations of ancestral and fully matured characteristics. The people of Franche-Comté are a distinctive species, with qualities that the foreigner least associates with the French character — a sobriety of thought and speech, a directness and general stability that are not conspicuous in the Parisian or Meridional born. And Courbet was primarily a Franc-Com-



GUSTAVE COURBET'S BIRTHPLACE, ORNANS
From a pen drawing by P. E. Valerio

tois and afterwards a Frenchman and, as such, personified the robust independence of his whole race. It was during a day spent among his native surroundings, in his native land, that I realized that here, and here alone, was to be found the explanation of Courbet and his individuality. In the very character of the river Loue that he has immortalised with the passionate love and sincerity of a folk-song, there is a curious analogy to the artist himself. For, disdaining the ways of the conventional river which begins in a tentative stream, gaining strength and confidence from others as it proceeds, La Loue bursts forth with sudden splendour from a mass of rocky structure, now breaking its impetus with brilliant cascades, now relaxing into a calm, rippling stream that flows through pleasant meadows and fertile valleys. Such was Courbet's irruption into the world of art and, for these two so different aspects, we find parallel expressions in two of his most representative works — the *Casseurs de Pierre* — a very battle cry of ruthless realism, this — and the sylvan creation of the *Remise de Chevreuils*. For pure unflinching realism, an impersonal statement of one of life's sordid facts, the *Casseurs de Pierre* is unsurpassed. We feel in Constantin Meunier's miners creatures fashioned by the same God who

created the artist. To be impervious to their dignity and pathos is impossible for any sentient human being. The stonebreakers of Courbet are but the animate part of the toil they accomplish. Any sympathy they arouse is entirely to the credit of the spectator.

In the *Remise de Chevreuils*, on the other hand, Courbet has penetrated the intimacy of nature and nature's creatures with a loving insight in which is the very breath of Theocritus. Every gesture, every attitude of the various deer in their unpremeditated grace, reveals the quiet joy of the animals in their native seclusion and security from their enemy, man. Courbet, whose understanding of their habits, their construction, their anatomy, was so fundamental, that he suggested these without effort or emphasis, has produced more celebrated presentments of them, but the *Remise de Chevreuils* surpasses them all in poetic quality.

The sentiment and refinement of which he gave evidence in this work are singularly absent when he dealt with humans, but he saw them in their most prosaic aspect and here he delighted in the glorification of the commonplace. And yet, in all this, there was the dogged pursuit of his gospel of truth, a refusal to gloss over facts or try to see what was not apparent to his own vision and apprehensions. A slight but significant demonstration of his practices is furnished by an incident described by his friend Wey. The two men were one day in the country together and Courbet, who was engaged in painting a distant scene, had laid a greyish tone all over his canvas. Presently he called upon his friend to tell him what it was that he was painting. Wey, after contemplating the distant landscape, replied that the atmosphere and distance prevented him from discerning it clearly. "But you," he added, "have represented heaps of firewood." "That's right!" exclaimed Courbet, "they are heaps of firewood! Now, I did not need to know that. I painted what I saw without having any cognizance of what it was." This illustrates very aptly Ingres' definition of Courbet as "an eye." (*ce garçon là, c'est un oeil*).

I had expressed my desire to visit Ornans to an artist friend in Paris and inquired of him whether there might be a chance of finding there any of his family descendants. I learnt that, of the Courbet family, there was, alone, a remaining nephew living at Ornans, to whom my friend volunteered to write announcing my visit. He gave me a few particulars concerning the life of this nephew, who was the son of Zoé Courbet, the youngest sister of the artist. She was a woman of an



GUSTAVE COURBET: THE STONE BREAKERS
The Dresden Art Gallery



GUSTAVE COURBET: STAGS AT REST
The Louvre, Paris



intractable and excitable nature who married an ardent Bonapartist and incurred the resentment of her family by her unsisterly actions towards her communistic brother, secretly informing the Swiss authorities of his presence in their country where he had taken refuge. She neglected her two sons, sending them to be reared by peasants and placing them later at a semi-charitable school. Her mind became totally unbalanced after the death of her husband and she died in the belief that he had been spirited away by her enemies. This son made an unfortunate marriage, which ended in a complete separation from wife and children, in all of which he was entirely blameless. He returned to Ornans some twenty years ago and here moored his existence — living with two aged women, distant cousins of the Courbet family and assisting them in the care of their small patrimony. It was Zoé Courbet who posed for the foremost figure in the *Demoiselles du Village* and for the kneeling girl in the *Cribleuses de Blé*. The former picture is in America and was shown at the anniversary exhibition of his works held at the Metropolitan Museum in 1919.

The railway to Ornans is a mere offshoot at Besançon from the main Paris-Lyons line and the old fashioned "train-omnibus" ambled along in a desultory manner at about eight or ten miles an hour, giving me ample time to take in the passing country. Some French writer has very aptly described this part of Franche-Comté as "the preface to Switzerland." Without attaining the spectacular magnificence of the latter, the landscape is a modified version of its oppositions and, instead of the trivial little chalets which have always struck me as a curious and jarring incongruity, the small rustic dwellings in their delicious blending with the surrounding country, seem as much a part of it as the native vegetation. Tunnel succeeded tunnel and we emerged amidst majestic heights of rock terraces giving a mediaeval appearance of walled cities and fortresses, and soft depths of verdant valleys, clear streams coursing over the stones, cool recesses of lichen covered rocks, all gradually veiled by the waning daylight. The gloaming had melted into night as I stepped out at the little station of Ornans. The distinctive local types and dialect, the dim masses of the dominating heights that hem in the village, completed the sense of isolation experienced as soon as we had dropped out of the main railway line. After a night passed in a rough hostelry, I found a short, slightly bent figure awaiting me outside, which I immediately recognised as the Courbet relative to whom my friend had recommended me. With his grey

spreading beard, his simple village attire, his country stick and wide-brimmed hat which he kept almost constantly in his hand, he might have stepped out of one of Jean Jacques Rousseau's books. Strangely unlike the harsh type of the Franc-Comtois country folk, he bore the impress of one whom life's rebuffs have crushed but not soured. But I noticed, as we passed through the village, a warmth of tone, a kindness of glance in the greetings he received, that testified a general sympathy, for it is well known among the villagers that the resentful Juliette Courbet, who acquired great distinction through the paintings of her brother that she left to the French government and the fact of being his sole legatee, left all her money to strangers and flatterers, reserving but an insufficient pittance to her sister's offspring.

A recent ceremony had taken place — the inauguration of a memorial tablet placed upon the house in which Courbet was born. This is a simple two storied middle-class dwelling, shut off from the street by a high wall on one side, the front with a stone staircase, facing a garden well stocked with fruit trees. After reading of the bitter humiliations heaped upon the unfortunate artist during the latter part of his life, it was interesting to note the distinguished names that figured among the committee list. Equally significant were the two facts cited by M. Léger, himself a Franc-Comtois and one of the great authorities upon Courbet, at whose instigation this tardy tribute was rendered to him. He wrote in the local publication "*Franche-Comte et Monts Jura*," "The Louvre has to-day to deplore the indifference of its directors, who abandoned the *Casseurs de Pierre* to the Dresden Museum and refused to purchase for 20,000 francs the *Atelier* for which it was recently obliged to pay the neat little sum of 700,000 francs." Incidentally, I should mention M. Léger's delightful volume of "*Courbet, selon les Caricatures et les Images*."

At the Mairie, at Ornans, is a picture which has a painful interest. When Courbet painted the *Rencontre*, mockingly baptised by his detractors *Bonjour Monsieur Courbet*, he little guessed that he would one day paint the picture of Courbet in Prison. To contrast the two presentments—the artist rejoicing in the free exercise of a loved profession, his painting pack upon his back, his active exuberant figure as he advances towards his friend, with the dejected, drooping figure, resting wearily against the prison bars, is to gauge the whole tragedy of Courbet's end. A little excursion he took into the sculptor's art resulted in the *Pêcheur de Chavots* (a characteristic local type) which occupies

the centre of a small fountain on the market place, pleasing in its boyish grace and spontaneity of attitude.

We crossed one of the rustic stone bridges that span the Loue, so tranquil here, with every stone and pebble showing through the clear amber of its gently flowing waters. The ancient houses at this spot look as if they had slid down from the heights to the water's edge and checked themselves just in time to avoid immersion. Time has subdued the tiled roofs to a soft dove-coloured hue, and, here and there, the vivid touch of a blooming plant at one of the decrepit windows lends a note of life and gaiety to the leprous walls. A winding road led us up past the little seventeenth century church and the village drinking trough, and my guide stopped at one of an irregular row of peasants' cottages. As we entered an old fashioned kitchen, two elderly women came forward to greet the visitor from Paris with an unaffected cordiality and a touch of deference that neither diminished their own dignity nor embarrassed the recipient. I was shown over the modest dwelling (one of the old Courbet holdings) — the old ladies' bed-room leading out of the kitchen, the grange, sunk a few feet below to the side, which housed many American soldiers during the war, the abandoned cow stable beneath. Above, on the second floor, sleeps the man of the house and here, when the season for the tending of the vines and the preparing of the soil does not require all his efforts, he still finds keen happiness in plying his former craft as a wood carver and his work grows into various forms and fancies, frames, chairs and other objects principally of the Louis XV style. I remained long at the window, which opens onto a perspective of radiant beauty. The spreading hillslopes bared their patchwork in varied greens of vineyard, bean and cereal field with amorous eagerness to the declining warmth of the late summer sun; above were the ubiquitous rocky walls, partially verdure clad. On one eminence rose, erect and imperious, the "Vierge du Mont," on another, the old chateau d'Ornans.

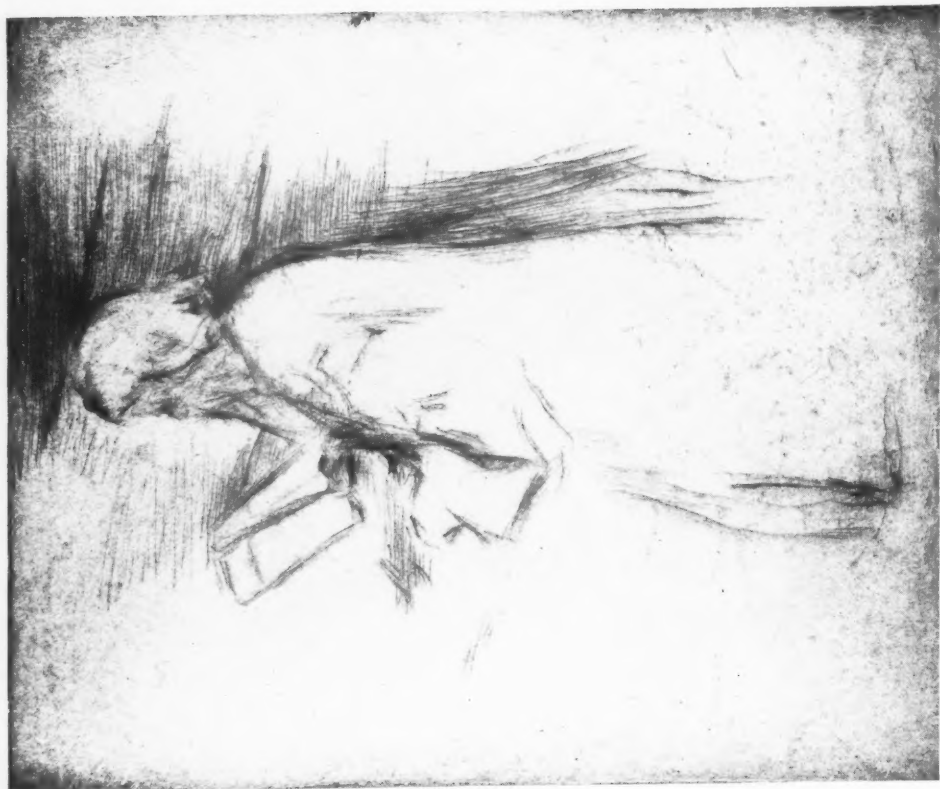
An invitation was extended to me by my new friends and, knowing their usual spare régime — meat being but an occasional luxury, I was especially touched at the bountiful repast provided. I tried to bring the conversation upon the topic of their famous relative, but his memory has been obscured by time and the pressing questions of the rain and droughts, the grape harvest and the high cost of living. Their girlish memories bore chiefly upon his striking appearance, his genial ways in the company of friends, the musical gatherings he loved to organise and

his fine bass voice. After being shown the *potager* or vegetable garden, with its well tended plants and tile-capped stone walls, wreathed in clustered vines, I was taken to visit the quiet little cemetery a few hundred yards further up the hill. It is more than a year since Courbet's body, brought from the Tour-de-Peilz in Switzerland where he died, has found its final resting place here, among his native hillsides which he loved so well. At the head of his grave, enclosed within a chain, is a small rough-hewn headstone, with a simple inscription to his memory. On one side of the cemetery lies the unamiable Juliette, interred with her mother and sister who died young. No flowering plant or loving mementoes adorn her grave. On the other side, quite by itself, is another grave. On the headstone hangs one of those ugly and pathetic bead garlands so much in favour with the humbler French class, with the inscription "A notre Mère." Two blooming rose bushes throw a glamour of loving thought over the resting place of Courbet's unfortunate sister, Zoé — the testimony of a filial instinct that maternal neglect and indifference could not extinguish.

The close and intimate relationship of Courbet to the land from which he sprang can only be estimated in its very presence, where every detail of form and colour, every idiosyncrasy of the landscape is a silent but eternal confirmation of what he has related to us in his art. His robust individuality resisted all extraneous influences and was stimulated, but never modified or visibly affected, by the men whose work he most admired. Boastful and bombastic with his fellow men, he bowed to Nature alone and made himself her faithful and docile pupil. As such, he will always remain one of the striking personalities in the annals of art.

John Valerio.





TAGORE
ETCHING BY MARGERY AUSTEN RYERSON



HELEN
ETCHING BY MARGERY AUSTEN RYERSON

THE ETCHINGS OF MISS MARGERY RYERSON

THE degree of success with which an artist succeeds in expressing in his chosen medium the essential individuality and special significance of his subject has much to do with the æsthetic interest of his product, and the delicacy of Miss Ryerson's graving of her etchings of children, together with the fine sense of color with which she extracts from the printing of her plates unusual subtleties of value, are unmistakable evidences of an understanding of the fairy-like nature of childhood and a mastery of the method sufficient to enable her to interpret it with exquisite charm. Rarely does she wipe a plate clean before printing, and the definition of line therefor seldom impinges upon the indefinite and intriguing rendering of form. Thus, wisely, are the portraits of her little "sitters" finished — that evanescent, whimsical quality which is their peculiar trait and which can not be expressed so aptly suggested as to be quite inescapable.

Another characteristic of Miss Ryerson's etched portraits which deserves consideration and establishes more permanently, I think, her position as an artist of exceptional distinction is the ability to execute a convincing likeness by means of the figure alone — the face not really appearing in the portrait at all. The most notable example of this sort is the Portrait of Tagore, in which dress, form and attitude alone supply the material of a surprisingly convincing portrait. The Brother and Sister is another example. The pose of the little girl mothering her baby brother acquaints us as satisfactorily even as a glimpse of her face could with the essential sweetness of her character and loveliness of facial expression. It is an omission in a portrait of little account it seems where otherwise the figure is an adequate interpretation of any personality, for the imagination of the spectator subconsciously remedies it almost invariably—often before it has really been realized at all.

Miss Ryerson chooses her little models from among the inmates of Church schools and kindergartens in the lower East-side district of New York City mostly and generally etches her plates direct from the model, though sometimes the figure is indicated in outline on the metal with a lithographic pencil in determining the pose. Many of her children, however, are never really posed at all but simply caught at their noon-day nap or as they wait in the nursery for their busy mothers, who come for them toward night. As a consequence they have about them the sensible realism of life and a very intimate human appeal.

Besides her etchings, which have been exhibited at the Chicago Art Institute, the Toledo Museum, Grand Rapids Art Association and the Morristown (N. J.) Library, Miss Ryerson has shown portraits of children in oil at the National Academy in New York and does some charming sketches of them in pastel.

LIST OF THE ETCHINGS OF MARGERY AUSTEN RYERSON

- | | |
|--|--|
| Children, done in Provincetown, Mass. | Frances $2\frac{5}{16}$ " x $3\frac{3}{4}$ " |
| Brother and Sister 7" x 10" | Irene $6\frac{1}{8}$ " x 8" |
| Evelyn $3\frac{11}{16}$ " x $5\frac{7}{16}$ " | Reading 8" x 10" |
| Asleep $3\frac{7}{8}$ " x $3\frac{5}{16}$ " | Nimfa $6\frac{1}{2}$ " x 7" |
| Portuguese Child $2\frac{9}{16}$ " x $4\frac{1}{4}$ " | Johnny (Irish Russian) 8" x 6" |
| Isaiah and His Grandmother $4\frac{5}{8}$ " x $5\frac{5}{8}$ " | Russian (Johnny) 4" x 5" |
| Mary and Her Brother $4\frac{3}{16}$ " x $4\frac{5}{16}$ " | Rosario $5\frac{1}{2}$ " x 6" |
| Ben and His Duck 8" x 10" | |
| Sleeping Child $2\frac{9}{16}$ " x $4\frac{3}{16}$ " | Other Subjects |
| (2 states) | Motherhood $3\frac{7}{8}$ " x $5\frac{3}{4}$ " |
| Vivian $4\frac{9}{16}$ " x 7" | Dressing Mary-Joe $6\frac{1}{8}$ " x 8" |
| Italian Children found in or connected | The Shawl 5" x 7" |
| with New York Day-Nurseries and | Sister $5\frac{1}{2}$ " x 6" |
| Kindergartens. | Dutch Woman 5" x 7" |
| Laughing Child 3" x 4" | Mr. Beangraver and Mary $6\frac{1}{4}$ " x 8" |
| Child in a Chair $4\frac{3}{8}$ " x $5\frac{3}{4}$ " | Resting 8" x 10" |
| Rosa 4" x 5" | Tagore (Sketched from gallery of |
| Sleeping Kiddie $4\frac{1}{4}$ " x $2\frac{3}{4}$ " | church while he was lecturing) |
| Helen 4" x 5" | $4\frac{1}{2}$ " x $5\frac{1}{2}$ " |
| Angelina 6" x $5\frac{1}{2}$ " | Fifth Ave. $4\frac{1}{2}$ " x $6\frac{3}{4}$ " |
| Tessie 4" x 5" | Old Man 5" x 6" |
| The Swing 7" x 10" | Nativity $2\frac{9}{16}$ " x $2\frac{1}{2}$ " |
| Italian Children $5\frac{1}{8}$ " x $4\frac{1}{4}$ " | Head of Child (or Peter) 4" x $2\frac{1}{16}$ " |
| Italian Child 4" x 5" | My Great Grandmother (Taken from |
| Sound Asleep 5" x 4" | her daguerreotype) $5\frac{1}{2}$ " x 6" |
| Christmas $6\frac{1}{2}$ " x 7" | Child 6" x 4" |
| Camela 4" x 6" | Start of Baby's Head, No. 1. 4" x 5" |
| (2 states) | Start of Baby's Head, No. 2. 3" x $2\frac{7}{8}$ " |

JOHN TRUMBULL'S PORTRAIT OF WILLIAM ROGERS

THE history of John Trumbull whose portrait of William Rogers was shown at the Union League Club Exhibition of February, 1922 is too well known today to require repetition here. He painted portraits both in miniature and life size but his fame as an artist will endure rather as the painter of historic scenes illustrating American naval and military exploits. He gave the Art Gallery that bears his name to Yale University and his remains rest therein.

William Rogers, whose portrait, one of the best examples in life-size from Trumbull's brush, was exhibited at the Union League Club, was a shipping merchant of considerable means in New York in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth century. His business seems to have been mainly with the West Indies, Martinique, Santa Cruz, where he had a brother and Anguilla, where he lived in 1785. His first New York address is at 57 Wall Street, but he later moved to a house at about 102nd Street and the river, his property extending to the southward almost to Stryker's Bay. He was prominent in the annals of St. Michael's Church at 99th Street and Amsterdam Avenue and one of the three trustees who held the property until the church was built. Born in 1761, this portrait painted in 1804 shows him in the prime of life at forty-three, a man with fine raven-black hair, and a florid face, brown eyes and regular features. William Rogers married, November 17th, 1801, Mrs. Anne Cruger, the daughter of Peter Markoe of Santa Cruz, who had married Nicholas Cruger of New York in 1786. They had no children and when William Rogers died in 1817 this likeness of him by Trumbull was left to Anne Beloste, an adopted child, the daughter of friends in Martinique, who later married James Taylor of Edinburgh, Scotland, who lived at Albany. At her death the portrait became the property of her daughter, Mrs. Ward Hunt, wife of Justice Ward Hunt of the U. S. Supreme Court, who bequeathed it to her neice.

JOHN JOHNSTON'S PORTRAIT OF JOHN PECK

AMONG the early American portraits shown in the Union League Club Exhibition of March, 1922, was an unusually interesting example of the work of the rare Boston artist, John Johnston, born in 1752, who died in 1818. He was the son of Thomas Johnston who kept

a shop on Brattle Street in that city, where he sold colors, made charts, did engraving and the like. John Johnston served in the Revolution, reaching the rank of major and was an original member of the Society of the Cincinnati. Among others he painted portraits of several historic personages, including Increase Mather and Samuel Adams.

John Peck, the Boston ship-builder, whose portrait was shown at the Union League Club, was the son of Robert Maynard Peck, who married Sarah Peck of Boston, July 3, 1769. Robert was the son of another John Peck and Sarah, his wife, the widow of still another John Peck. Evidently there was little if any hesitation about intermarrying in the family. John Peck's father who is called both "gentleman" and "feltmaker" probably died late in 1781 or early in 1782, as on January 28, 1782 the widow was appointed administrator of his estate and on December 6, 1782 William Bryant a "trader" of Boston, who later married the widow, was appointed guardian of Robert Peck's four children, John, Nancy Brewer, William and Robert Maynard. Nancy Brewer, born in 1771, married in 1793 Edward Stow of Boston and she and her husband were both painted by Gilbert Stuart in Bordentown, N. J. in 1802 or 3. Edward Stow gave to his daughter Caroline Adelaide the portrait of her Uncle John Peck by Johnston and a miniature of himself by Benjamin Trott. This gift is recorded in a letter now in the possession of Mrs. Adelaide Walton, a descendant, of Oakland, N. J., the former owner of Johnston's portrait of John Peck.

A number of the portraits formerly attributed to John Johnston are now believed to have been painted by Christian Gullager, the Danish artist, who painted in Boston after 1789 and whose portrait of Washington, painted in Portsmouth, N. H. is mentioned in Washington's Diary.

Fredric Fairchild Sherman



JOHN PECK
By JOHN JOHNSON

Exhibited at the Union League Club, New York



WILLIAM ROGERS
By JOHN TRUMBULL

UNIT
OF
MICH.

THE QUAINF FRESQUES OF NEW ENGLAND

THE dislike of the first settlers of New England to all forms of ornament, scarcely outlived the first generation, for, though about 1639, Rev. Thos. Allen, of Charlestown was summoned before the court and severely reprimanded and fined for having his house painted, (although the sentence was revoked when he proved that it was the former owner who was responsible for the abomination, and that he also disapproved), it was not many years later (1702) when the selectmen of Boston actually ordered that the house and fence of the "Latten Schoolmaster" be painted; and brightly painted and gilded signs and the royal arms appeared in the streets and even portraits of prominent people began to adorn their walls.

There seems always to have been at least one member of each family blessed with some artistic ability, which displayed itself more and more in plainly painted walls of a red, yellow, or white ground with perhaps a stenciled border of small figures or flowers in contrasting colors; or the figures traced on the sanded floors on gala days; or the hooked rugs, brightly colored chintz curtains and patchwork and finally, with the opening of the nineteenth century, the landscape papers and frescoes, with a picture over the mantel, which, though frequently crude, is so charmingly ornamental and effective.

Thus New England became a rich storehouse of colorful home decorations, belieing the proverbial bleakness and gloom of the inhabitants of this rock-bound coast.

These frescoes show unmistakably the innate love of the people for the beautiful, and their appreciation of things artistic, which, like Banquo's ghost could not be suppressed, even with the severe training and penalties of the forefathers. In fact, native American art really began with a Puritan and a Quaker—John Singleton Copley of Boston and Benjamin West of Philadelphia.

These early frescoes are not to be found everywhere, however—one must search diligently for them (they are frequently unknown even to the neighbors), even like other antiques. Finding them brings its own reward, and gives as much pleasure as the discovery of a fine piece of old china or furniture, only, one cannot take them away. How many during late years have been destroyed or hopelessly defaced, it is impossible to say; like the old wall paper they are occasionally found beneath

modern paper, or nearly painted over, or a fragment shows on a partially destroyed wall, or again they are so scarred that only a small patch of color is seen here or there.

They are generally in the hall or best room, sometimes in both in the same house. One of the very best of these frescoes is in a house in Bernardston, Mass., which was built about 1812, and painted, tradition says, by a wandering artist thought to have been a spy or deserter from the British army, who spent the winter of 1813 in the town, exchanging such artistic triumph as this for his board. One day, it is said, some men in uniform came and took the artist away as a prisoner; thus he disappeared as mysteriously as he came.

At different places in the Connecticut River valley there were other frescoes that may have been his work, while the same characteristics appear on various fireboards and on the sign board of an old tavern.

His chief work was this room, painted directly on the plaster with what appears to be water color. The walls are a deep cream in color, divided by oblique lines into innumerable diamond figures, each one enclosing a strawberry plant, or tulips, or other flowers, with leaves and tendrils, all in natural colors, each diamond said to be different. There is a festooned frieze of cords fastened in scallops, while between the two front windows there is painted a large vase of flowers; the dado below has palm trees, all bending one way.

The special feature of the room, its *pièce-de-resistance*, as it were, is a landscape over the mantel (Fig. 1). On its left appears a town with high, narrow red houses with steep gables, in two rows one above the other, not unlike the old Dutch houses of Colonial New York or Albany. Beneath the houses many white sheep in a row are stolidly gazing towards the harbor where ships, with all sails set, are approaching the town over the blue expanse of water. Between the town and the harbor is a hedge clipped into many curious forms. There are strange trees beneath which people are walking while roadways run here and there, over one of which a great coach-and-four preceded by a traveler on horseback, is approaching the town.

This has been called Boston, though it does not resemble any known picture of it, and might as well be New York, or, if we consider the palmetto trees, which certainly do not grow so far North, why not Charleston, S. C.?

Though almost as bright as when newly painted, the colors are harmonious making a charming whole. There is the added fascination of

guessing the name of the town also, for it is as uncertain if not as remote, as the hieroglyphics of Yucatan.

Years later another wandering, carefree, devotee of the brush wended his way through the towns of Westwood, North Reading, and Wakefield, Massachusetts, and probably others. Westwood was especially enriched by him, as there are yet preserved several halls and rooms decorated by his brush. These also were painted with water colors on the plaster, and represent harbors with islands, hills with houses in a row, fields, many great trees, bushes and plants in natural colors which are still bright.

One hall has a great ledge with hunters at the top and a waterfall dashing in a cloud of silvery spray down the length of the staircase. Here is painted the name "R. Porter 1838," the only instance of a signature on these old frescoes. On the opposite side of this hall is a sheet of water, perhaps a harbor, with large islands in many shades of soft green, while to one side is an early type of steamship named "Victory." In another house the hall is almost identical, a steamship here being named the "Liberty." In another house a room shows the same features with variations, while several others in the town have been completely obliterated.

In the Winn house in Wakefield are similar landscapes and houses although painted over in a brownish tone in 1910; but fortunately without changing the scenes in any other way. Here over the mantel (Fig. 2), we see the same gently sloping hill with the selfsame houses at the top and a road at the centre, trees and ferns, and at the foot of the hill two men on horseback wearing tall straight hats, are galloping towards a large house at the left with the usual fence enclosing a square area in front. On another section of this room a flock of sheep is quietly grazing.

In an old house in North Reading now known as the Colonial Inn, this same artist painted two more rooms (Figs. 3, 4), one now painted over, said to have represented Andover Hill with the buildings of the period. While in the Barber house in another part of the town the large central hall is likewise decorated in brown tones, the principal scene representing a harbor or river with mountains and islands, white houses, great trees, a full-rigged ship, and an antique steamship. Along the bottom of the scene are the usual strange plants which may be intended for the silvery-green mullen and great ferns. Tradition says that this artist also followed the custom of the other, like many abroad, having

painted these decorations merely for his board, spending the winter, at least, in Westwood.

There are also traditions that artists were sent from Boston to distant places to paint such decorations, which may be the reason that so many are supposed to represent that city. Their durability is surprising, their decorative effect charming, the colors are so clear, many being but slightly marred although a hundred years old, in houses which have had many tenants and doubtless subject to much abuse and neglect.

In the Lindell-Andrews (or Barnard-Andrews-Perkins) house, in Salem, Massachusetts, another unknown artist of very superior merit, far surpassing the others, painted the walls of the hall with wonderfully realistic bucolic scenes, on the wall-paper instead of the plaster. This paper, like all very old wall-paper was put on in pieces varying in size from $20\frac{3}{4}$ inches wide x $29\frac{1}{2}$ long to 20×31 and $20 \times 35\frac{1}{2}$, etc., with small pieces fitted in here and there to completely cover the surface between doors, windows, and corners. The paper is like thin cardboard, brittle and broken with age, the varnished paint forming a thin skin which has cracked exactly like that of a very old oil painting. Ridges of paint and brush marks are plainly seen, and even a few hairs from the brushes are embedded in the paint and varnish.

The bold effects of color and composition are striking and even grand. The colors are natural with soft greens and browns of many tints and over all the effulgence of a golden sky. Many of the green tones in the pictures such as those of water and mountains, as well as the brownish-yellow of the sky and clouds, (which were doubtless originally blue and white), are doubtless due to the effect of the yellow varnish, which acts like a veil over all, subduing the original brightness. These pictures are unique, not only because of their excellence, but because they were painted freehand, in oil on paper, instead of plaster or canvas.

On the right of the entrance to the hall (Fig. 5) the scene consists of lofty mountains, the largest of all rising, a gigantic greenish-grey mass, in the centre, with sharp peaks, like those of the Sierras or the Andes; below, masses of brown rocks and great trees, while a huge bridge of one span stretches across a stream of greenish water with a shallow, foamy waterfall and silvery, swirling ripples beyond. On the bridge two men on horseback only accentuate the stupendous mountains and ledges. Above is a golden sky which sheds a bright glow over a part of the mountain, in strong contrast to dark clouds overhead.



FIG. 1. FRESCO IN HOUSE AT BERNARDSTON, MASS.
Probably painted in 1813

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FIG. 1. FRESCO IN HOUSE AT BERNARDSBURG, MASS.
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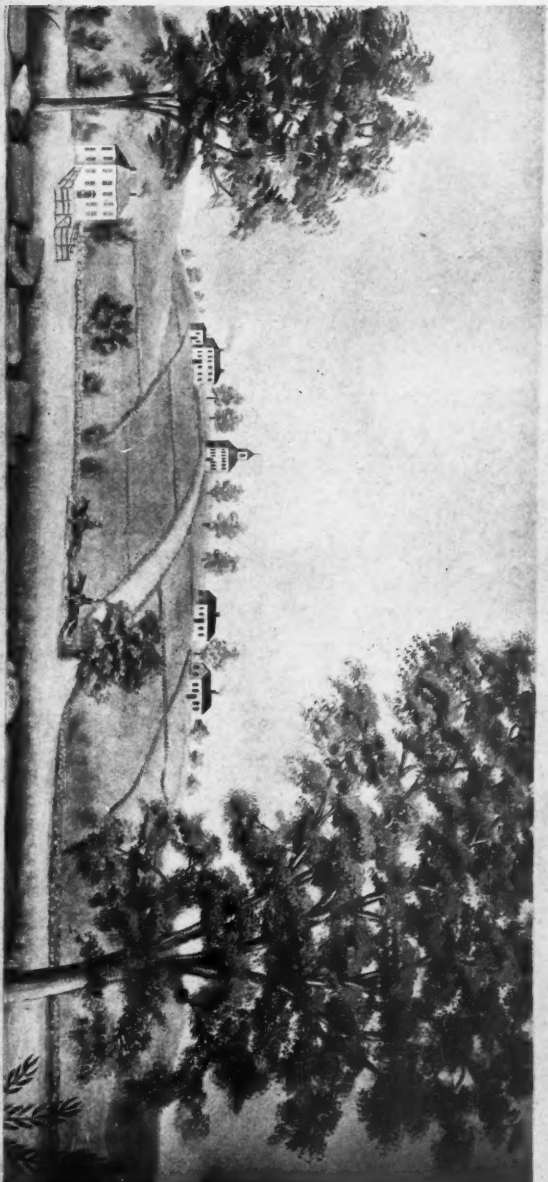
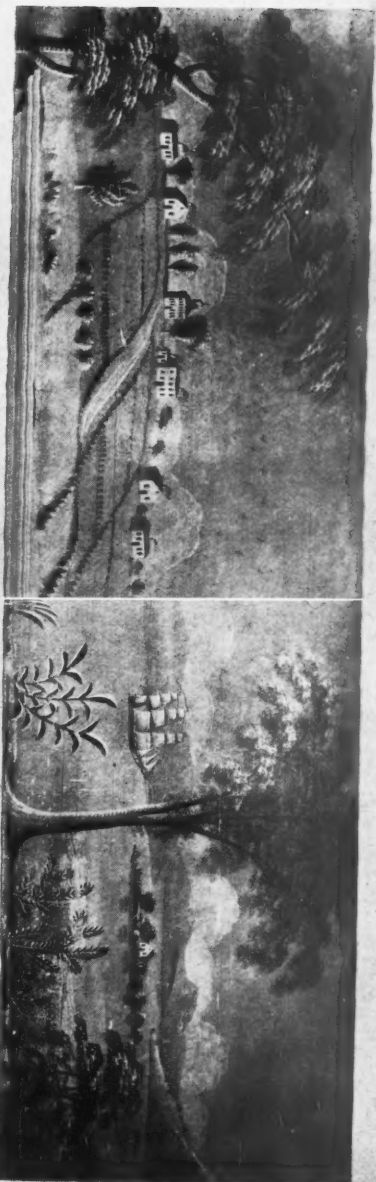


FIG. 4. FRESCO IN THE COLONIAL INN, NORTH READING, MASS. FIG. 3. FRESCO IN THE COLONIAL INN, NORTH READING, MASS.
 FIG. 2. FRESCO IN THE WISEN HOUSE, WAREFIELD, MASS.





FIG. 7. RIGHT OF UPPER HALL.

FIG. 8. LEFT OF UPPER HALL.

FIG. 6. LEFT OF ENTRANCE HALL.

FIG. 5. RIGHT OF ENTRANCE HALL.

Frescoes in the Barnard-Andrews-Perkins House, Salem, Mass.



On the opposite side of the hall (Fig. 6) is a fine old half-timber, thatched roof cottage surrounded by tall trees, with a placid brook in front; on the right bank is a ruined wall partially overgrown with trees. Beyond this section is a mill or fortified house with a bridge over a stream, in a window of which a woman is kneeling. Down the stairway is tumbling a great waterfall, the outlet of a placid stream above, with men in canoes; more cottages, a woman and children and great trees, those along the river bank being pale green with very prim forms; then a long bridge which leads to another scene, beneath a greenish-yellow sky with great greenish-grey rock masses and magnificent trees and low rolling hills in the centre distance, below which is a seagreen lake. To the right (Fig. 7) is a high precipitous hill with a crest of trees, down which a hunter is leading his horse, while two others are madly riding after hounds which are surrounding the fox which is nearly brought to bay. One hunter has a blue coat, another a white one, a third a red one, all with yellow breeches. It is reminiscent of the royal sport of England. It is an inspiring scene, vibrating with life and movement, the baying of hounds, and the cheery calls of the hunters.

Opposite this scene is, in many respects, the most important one of all (Fig. 8). There is a thatched cottage with brick walls partially covered with stucco, overhanging and surrounding which are rich, dark green masses of foliage, which throw it into strong relief. Beyond the cottage, on a lower level are the pale green tops of young forest trees which stretch away to the ocean which is partially enclosed by a distant headland. The dark clouds above dissolve into a golden tint below. In the cottage doorway are grouped three women and two children in the picturesque dress of French peasantry of the last century; perhaps one, the old mother, the others wife and sister of the owner, who are regarding with clasped hands and anxious faces a man who looks like a way-worn traveller dressed only in shirt and trousers, whose right hand grasps a staff, while with his left he points to a ship fast sinking in the angry waters of the distant sea. The figures are so well drawn, the action so dramatic, the colors so rich, the effect so striking, that this one easily exceeds all the others in interest.

Beyond, the last scene of all is a simple, peaceful idyl of pastoral life with grazing cattle, herders, and a man on horseback. Every scene proclaims the genius of this unknown artist, who, one regrets, apparently left behind him no other work, or even his name. From the fact that the man in the shipwreck scene wears trousers, the pictures were

probably not painted earlier than 1810 about the year trousers were first worn here. We would like to know if he was an American, or a Frenchman trying to interpret English scenes or whether they are remembrances of his old-world home, or just incidents of travel.

Long hidden in this house, almost miraculously preserved through many generations, they throw a flood of light on the appearance of these old houses of a century ago, and give a valuable insight on social conditions then, and show the possibilities of interior decoration today. Though many of these houses may be severely plain without, they glow with the bright colors of the quaintly charming frescoes within, very much like the unattractive stones of the western mountains, which, however, when broken open reveal a centre of dazzling quartz crystals of many colors.

Edward B. Allen

ENGLISH WHOLE-LENGTH PORTRAITS IN AMERICA

GAINSBOROUGH'S MRS. BAKER

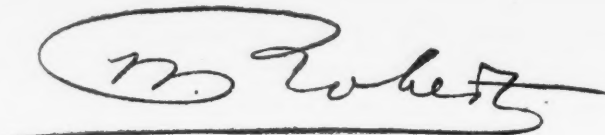
LIKE so many other famous portraits by Gainsborough, this superb whole-length of Mrs. Baker remained practically unknown for a century after the artist's death; it was one of the many "revelations" of the richness of English private collections as seen at the long series of Winter Exhibitions at Burlington House, the home of the Royal Academy. Like so many other portraits, also, it seems to have passed from the artist's studio to the owner's living room, where, in London or in the country, it would be seen only by the owners and their relatives and friends. For probably a century at least, it had hung at the family seat, at Ranston, in Dorsetshire, and it was here that I had the pleasure of seeing it years before it was sold, and it was in New York that I next saw it in company with its new owner, the late Mr. H. C. Frick in his beautiful house in Fifth Avenue. Mr. Frick had other Gainsborough portraits, but I think he had none so graceful and charming as this.

The ordinary books of reference tell us irregularly little about either Mrs. Baker or her husband, Peter William Baker, M.P.; and this is partly explained by the fact that they left no children, and that Mr. Baker's valuable estates were inherited by a comparatively distant relation bearing quite another name. But from many obscure quarters I have been able to piece together some details which will perhaps be interesting to students in the future. The Baker family was one of great antiquity, and traces its origin back to one William de Bromley, who possessed the township of Bromley, or Brom-Ley — meaning the place on the hill — with the manor and parish of Worferville, Shropshire, and with this county the family would seem to have been identified until the end of the eighteenth century. The penultimate member of the family in the direct line was William Baker of Portman Square, London, who died Feb. 23, 1774; and it is interesting to note that, about 1765-70, both he and his wife were painted by Gainsborough, two half figures in ovals which still remain at Ranston. Their son, Peter William Baker, purchased the estate of Ranston in 1781 for 12,000 guineas, and made great additions to it, as well as installing a valuable library; a fine view of the mansion, after Laporte, is reproduced in Hutchins's "History and Antiquities of Dorset," Vol. IV. The estate had been for generations in the possession of the Ryves family. P. W. Baker was returned to the House of Commons in four parliaments; he was elected for Arundel in Sussex in March, 1781; in December, 1802, for Wootton Bassett, Dorset; in May, 1807, and again in October, 1812, for Corfe Castle, Dorset, which last named constituency he continued to represent until his death in New Street, Spring Gardens, London, on August 25, 1815, at the age of 59. He achieved at least one distinction in Parliament, for on April 8, 1805, he voted in a majority of one on one motion of Mr. Whitbread for censuring "a late Treasurer of the Navy."

Mrs. Baker was Jane Clitherow, daughter of James Clitherow, LL.D., of Boston House, Middlesex, a descendant of Sir Christopher Clitherow, Lord Mayor of London in 1635, and M.P. for London in the reign of Charles I. The date of Miss Clitherow's marriage to P. W. Baker, November 27, 1781, is given in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and as her husband is described as of Ranston, Dorset, it was evidently soon after he acquired that estate. The portrait was probably painted shortly before her marriage, for the costume would seem to suggest the fashions of about 1777-79. She survived her husband little more than

a year, dying in her town house in New Street, Spring Gardens, London, on December 26, 1816. Both are buried at Iwerne Courtney; among the monuments in the parish church at Sprotton are two to Mr. and Mrs. P. W. Baker, erected by the successor, "in testimony of their amiable character and many excellent qualities, and as a tribute of affection and esteem." Mr. Baker's estates were inherited by his great-nephew (the grandson of his father's sister) Sir Edward Baker Littlehales, who, in 1817, took the surname of Baker only, and who, "for several important services to his country, both civil and military," had been created a Baronet in September, 1802. The portrait of Mrs. Baker was purchased from Sir Randolph Littlehales Baker, the 4th Baronet, shortly before the Great War.

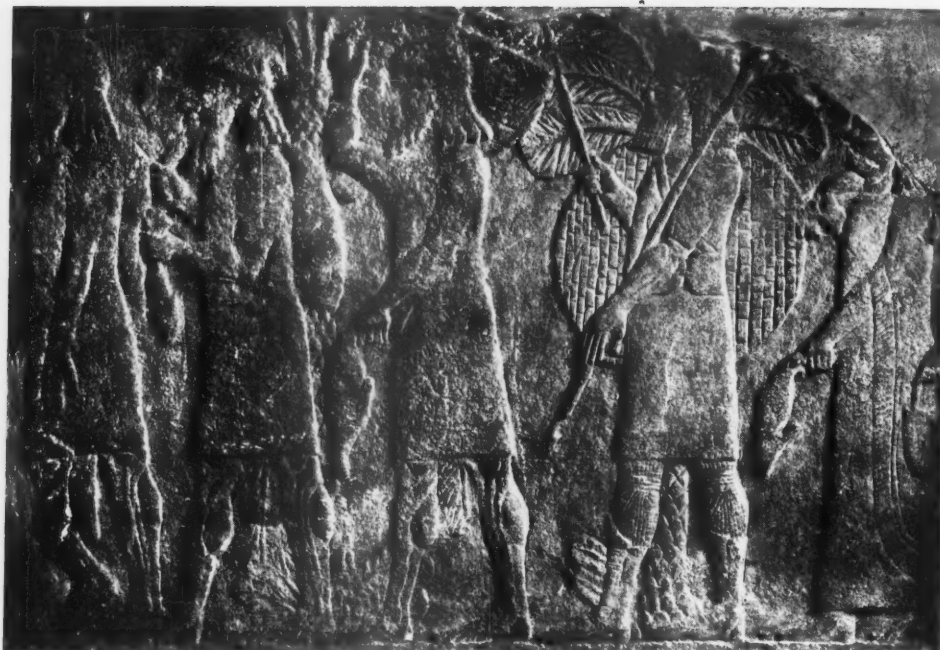
Probably the portrait hung in Mr. and Mrs. Baker's London residence until the death of the latter. It had been at Ranston time out of mind, and the only occasion on which it was lent for public exhibition was in 1882, when it was No. 254 in the Winter Exhibition of pictures of old masters, Burlington House, London; at the same time the two earlier portraits by Gainsborough of Mrs. Baker's father-in-law and his wife were also exhibited. The three are duly recorded in Sir Walter Armstrong's "Gainsborough." A typical Gainsborough of high quality, Mrs. P. W. Baker is seen standing in an uneven landscape, a beautiful woman of distinguished appearance; she is in a light-coloured dress cut low, the trail caught up on her left arm, her wavy hair is slightly powdered and falls in ringlets over her neck and shoulders; on the left are overhanging rocks from the crevices of which blue bells — a species of campanula — are growing and in full flower; on the right is an uneven bank with trees, the whole background forming a scheme quite unusual in Gainsborough's open air portraits. The portrait at once suggests two or three of the artist's most famous pictures, such as the Duchess of Devonshire, still at Althorp, and the Mrs. Mears and the Mrs. Beaufoy, which belonged to the late Mr. Alfred de Rothschild. But comparisons with regard to Gainsborough's portraits of women are rather more foolish than of those of any other artist, whilst the quality of each is invariably on such a high plane that every one of his whole-length portraits of women may be described as a poem in paint.



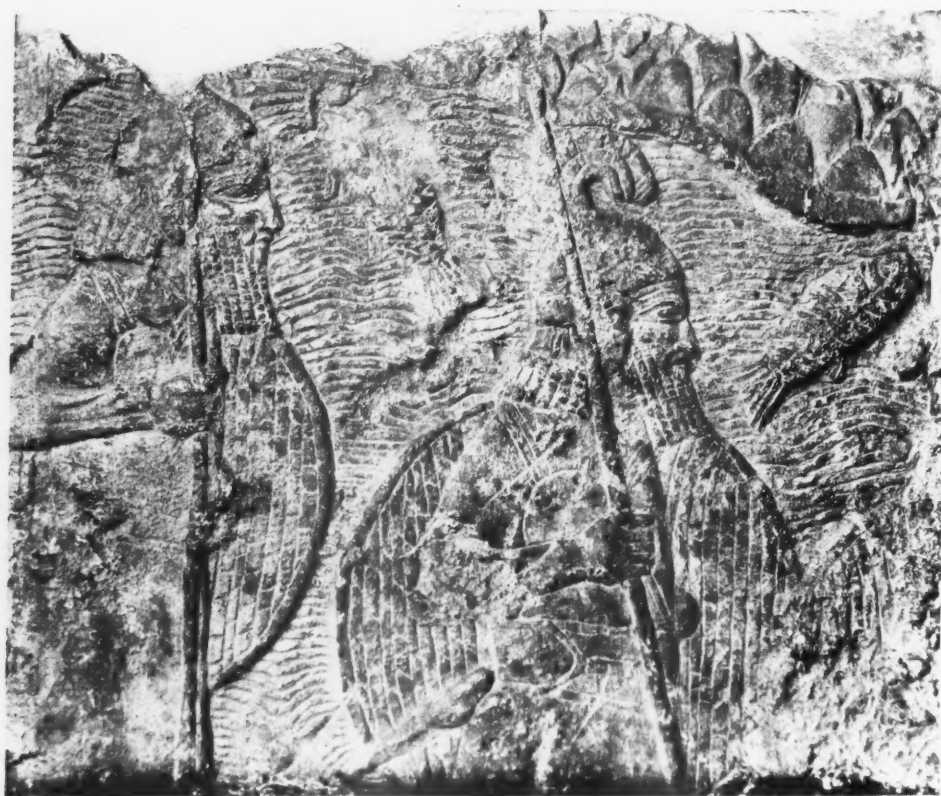


THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH: MRS. BAKER
Collection of the late Mr. Henry Clay Frick, New York

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ASSYRIAN RELIEF FROM THE PALACE OF SENNACHERIB
The Toledo Museum of Art, Toledo, Ohio



WARRIORS CROSSING A STREAM
 ASSYRIAN RELIEF FROM THE PALACE OF SENNACHERIB
The Toledo Museum of Art, Toledo, Ohio

RELIEFS FROM THE PALACE OF SENNACHERIB

DUE to the excavations of Botta, Layard and Rawlinson, the museums of Europe are the possessors of many antiquities from Babylonia and Assyria. The less fortunate condition in this field of our American museums will perhaps justify a brief notice of two Assyrian sculptures recently acquired by the Toledo Museum of Art.

Over 5000 years ago, the Sumerians had occupied the well-watered and productive lands between the Tigris and the Euphrates. But so choice a portion of this earth's surface was not long to be retained in unquestioned possession, and soon Sargon and his Akkadians conquered and merged with the Sumerians. Then his united nation fell under the domination of the rising town of Babylon about 4000 years ago. Meanwhile, the Semitic nomads who had settled at Assur to the north had been growing in power and had civilized themselves through contact with their southern neighbors.

So it was that in the eighth century B. C., the people of Assur turned to the south and conquered all that which had been in turn Sumer, Akkad and Babylonia, and under Sargon II imposed upon this territory their rule and gave the name of Assyria to it. Sargon, settled in this more fruitful country, began the building of those tremendous and magnificent palaces, the stone reliefs from which constitute our principal works of Assyrian art remaining today. His son, Sennacherib, surpassed his father as warrior and builder, and extended the bounds of his empire from the coast of the Mediterranean to the Persian Gulf. He made the city of Nineveh his capital and here he erected along the Tigris his huge palace which was maintained and increased by his successors, and decorated with thousands of feet of relief sculpture in limestone and alabaster. Yet, though Sennacherib and his successors had built the most formidable military machine the world had ever known, they were incapable of withstanding assaults from without and revolt from within, and in 606 B. C. Nineveh fell to the combined arms of Chaldeans and Medes, and was reduced to the rubbish heap which it has remained even until today.

Before the middle of the last century, the site of Nineveh, until then known to us only as an Old Testament name, was rediscovered in the mound of Kuyunjik, and there and at Nimroud the English explorer Sir Austen Henry Layard excavated the palaces of the Assyrian kings, re-

